

THE NOVEL OF THE YEAR BY GEORGE A. CHAMBERLAIN

Intermingled and held. Each made to the other an unspoken protest. The next morning the priest left them again. He held his weight almost jauntily on the arched mule. His wide-brimmed hat was pushed back to the verge of a fall, and the great umbrella was slanted to meet the level rays of the rising sun. Priest and mule combined to give the impression of a sea-going tub rigger in raking, joyous lines. The priest was jubilant. He had married the lovers and carried with him the documents for registry. Gerry walked beside the mule as far as the bridge. There the tub turned laboriously and he conveyed with it. The two men looked over the valley and smiled. The valley smiled back. Already it was robed in a widespread flush of green. The priest nodded slowly. "It is good," he said. "Garewell, my son," and he turned to sail ponderously out into the barren lands of cactus and thorn.

CHAPTER XIX—Continued. NICK made a strange picture, sitting like a log on the twisted log. Gerry looked more and more like a Greek. His hair, close cropped by Marcellina, seemed to have bronzed with his hair. The cotton jumper and trousers were trimmed down to perfect lines. They were moved on could see muscles swelling as though work were being done. Gerry was deep in whisky. On his feet were white sandals. Like a native he had learned to keep them on with the aid of a leather button held in his teeth. His feet were white. His face like a mask was alive. He held his big black hat in his hands, for he was under the shade of the priest's great cotton umbrella.

As Gerry looked at him he spoke, "I'm Lieber from the river. Father Mathias told me about you." Gerry started at the familiar English and frowned. At the frown the stranger's eyes shifted. "I didn't come down here to bother you," he went on hastily. "Father Mathias told me about the green grass and I couldn't keep away. I've got cattle and horses up my way and they're dying—starving. I came down to make a deal. I've picked out a hundred and twenty head with blood in 'em—horses and cattle. If you'll take 'em and feed 'em through to the rains I'll give you ten out of the hundred. Some are too far gone to save. I'm afraid." Gerry looked at his tiny plantations, which showed up mealy in the great expanse of waste pasture. "I'm sorry," he said, "but I'm afraid I can't. You see, I can't afford to fence."

REAL BUSINESS WOMAN KEEPS SHOP IN HAVERFORD

Miss Susanna R. Williams Enjoys Her Unique Distinction



MISS SUSANNE WILLIAMS

Finds More Pleasure in It Than in Social Diversions

In Miss Susanna R. Williams, daughter of Randall Williams, a lumber merchant, Haverford has a real business woman. Miss Williams is one of the many women in Pennsylvania who with the last few months has entered the business arena. She is the owner of the Wool Shop, at Haverford. It is there where society folks living on the Main Line go for their Scotch wools and their shawls when they don't feel like making a journey to Philadelphia.

Standing behind a counter, according to Miss Williams, gives her more pleasure than in spending her time with card-playing, teas and gossip. Miss Williams has never had any training for business. She said today that any woman with a little common sense can do just what she did.

"Three things are essential when a woman goes into a business proposition," said Miss Williams. "They are a little capital, condenses and common sense." The Wool Shop is housed in a little attractive white cottage. There is an old-fashioned doorway, and inside there is a big open fireplace with really old brass furnishings, quaint china, furniture, screens and wood. The huge cupboards along one wall are full to bursting with a rainbow of wools, while chairs, tables and boxes are crowded with sweaters and scarfs and pretty socks for babies.

"I began importing Scotch wools with no idea of ever going into business," said Miss Williams today. "I imported the wools for my own use. What I didn't want I found to sell to my friends and neighbors." "I soon found out that there was a great demand for wools in this country. Through a friend of mine who is traveling now in England I learned that I could buy large quantities at much smaller prices. I began to import and my business began to increase. Now I receive orders not only from residents along the Main Line, but also from different parts of the country."

Miss Williams' venture was so successful

MAIN LINE SOCIETY "SNIFFS" Variation of Dominoes All the Rage. Tournament Is Being Arranged

"Sniff," a variation of the game of dominoes, is all the rage among society people on the Main Line. The game gets its name from the fact that it is the prerogative of the loser to "sniff" at the winner not more than once. Plans have been announced at the Merion Cricket Club that a progressive "sniff" tournament will be held February 18. So far W. R. Rossmasser, J. B. Townsend, 3d, Edward H. Le Boutillier and J. A. Brown have entered.

As a matter of fact "sniff" is a highly scientific and exciting game. Several years ago Frederick L. Baily, of Wynnewood, staged a "sniff" tournament for the championship of the Main Line. Some of the contestants were Edgar C. Polton, James E. Fahnestock, Edw. Throp Sargent, James Boyd, Frank Tenney and Lewis Lillie, vice president of the United Gas Improvement Company.

In charge of the present tournament are E. V. Townsend, chairman of the committee, John B. Thayer, B. Val Marsh, H. J. Lawrence, Jr., William N. Davis, Lothrop Lee and W. R. Rossmasser.

CONTINUED TOMORROW.

MEASLES CLOSE SCHOOLS

Cheltenham Township Board of Health Takes Action

An epidemic of measles has developed in Wynacote, and the Cheltenham Township Board of Health yesterday ordered the public school at that place closed. It was said last night this action was taken as a precaution to prevent the spread of the disease to surrounding sections. It was also said that the measles epidemic had affected members of some of the most prominent families of Wynacote.

Merchants Oppose Toll Gates

A Delegation of 25 Representatives of Business Men's Organizations in the North-

burgh next Tuesday to confer with P. J. Cunningham, State Highway Commissioner, regarding the abolition of toll gates on the turnpike between Springhouse and Quakertown. It now costs 7 cents to travel over 16 miles of the pike, part of which is said to be unfit for travel.

25 Years Ago

Twenty-five years ago—to be exact, on January 23d, 1891—we opened our first store at 1214-16 South Second Street. Our first day's sales were one hundred and sixty-one dollars, and the second day's sales were two hundred and ninety dollars. Our business has kept growing, our sales now amounting to millions of dollars a year—increasing every year.

We have been faithfully serving the people ever since by selling groceries of the Highest Quality at prices within the reach of all.

It is well known that the people of Philadelphia are buying better groceries at lower prices than any other city in the country, and we are justly proud of the important part we have had in bringing this about through our large chain of stores, so well known as "The Stores Where Quality Counts."

We extend to you a cordial invitation to come this week and share in all the good things to be had at our stores. One of our specials for this week is an

18c Can GOLD SEAL PEACHES 12c

Gold Seal are large, luscious halves of the finest California Peaches, packed in rich syrup. For peaches of this quality you will pay 20c the can or more outside of our stores.

Robinson & Crawford

The Stores Where Quality Counts Throughout the City and Suburbs



"Bridget quit to wed her steady, But Mrs. Wise had a new cook ready."

WHEN Bridget told Mrs. Wise that she expected to get married next Saturday, Mrs. Wise was not dismayed. She simply called Walnut 3000 on the telephone. This is the conversation that occurred:

"Hello! Is this Miss Reed?"

"Yes."

"My cook has just resigned. Have you a suitable person that you can recommend for the position?"

"Yes! We have several that are capable of filling it. How will this one suit you—she is a young widow, no children, and was employed until recently by Mrs. So-and-so, who has gone South for the winter. Mrs. So-and-so says she is an excellent cook!"

"Tell her to call at my house as soon as possible. She can begin work at once. Thank you! Good-by!"

NEED A COOK?

Call Walnut or Main 3000 Ledger's Household Registry Bureau

FARMER SMITH'S RAINBOW CLUB

GOOD-NIGHT TALK

Dear Children—I was thinking the other day what I would do if I were a little girl and had a doll. Of course, I have never been a little girl and it is very hard to imagine what I WOULD do if I had a doll. It would be rather funny for me to get a doll now when I have a little girl of my own who plays with dolls. I wonder what she would say if she saw HER father playing with dolls?

Of course, no grown person is supposed to read this, so I can say what I am a mind to. However, I was wondering if I had a doll, how would I know when to spank her?

In our column we try not to talk to boys or girls but always to boys AND girls, for they are both interested in the same kind of KNOWLEDGE; but I see no reason why boys should not be interested in dolls, even if they do not play with them. Every boy hopes SOME DAY to be a father and, of course, every little girl hopes some day to have real babies of her own, and I was wondering if a little mother knew when to spank her doll she would know when to spank her real babies later on.

I am just WONDERING, you see. I believe a doll should be spanked for one thing, anyway, and that is disobeying.

Let us all learn to obey during 1916. Girls may teach their DOLLS to obey and boys, why, boys must teach THEMSELVES to obey.

FARMER SMITH, Children's Editor, EVENING LEDGER.

Our Postoffice Box

A bright good-evening to little Abraham Clivitch, South 9th street. This little man is a very close friend of your editors, he is very fond of music and he knows how to typewrite.

Aren't those three facts fine enough to state about any boy? Arnold Harvey, South Lambert street, is very much interested in electricity. Perhaps he could help some brother member who has the same hobby, or perhaps some brother member could help him. How about it, boys?

Prospero and Spartaco Donato, South 10th street, are very good boys in school. If you don't believe it, look at their reports. There is a great big NINE on Spartaco's and what Prospero got is so fine a secret that we're afraid to put it down.

Anna Witham, Emerald street, sent 40 postals to Eleanor Grinnan, Race street, West Philadelphia. What do you think of that? Charles Burrison, Chestnut street, is going to help us to have a club of 1,000,000 members!! Susanna Kessler, Haddonfield, N. J., reports the following kind acts:

Farmer Smith, Children's Editor, EVENING LEDGER, Philadelphia.

I wish to become a member of your Rainbow Club and agree to DO A LITTLE KINDNESS EACH AND EVERY DAY—SPREAD A LITTLE SUNSHINE ALL ALONG THE WAY.

Name Address Age School I attend

(1) I wash and dry the dishes, (2) I go on all the errands mother tells me to, (3) I help mother and father all I can, (4) I want to mail postals to the children in the hospital, (5) I send love to all the Rainbows. What a lot of sunshine to be crowded into one small person!

Marie McKeown, Carpenter street, wrote us a very wee note and it was so nice it made us wish for a bigger one. Think of this wish the next time you write.

Do You Know This?

- 1. Can you ever see the wind? (Five credits.) 2. What becomes of the rain after a storm? (Five credits.) 3. Write a rhyme of two lines about the wind and the rain. (Five credits.)

Why Dogs Turn

'Round and 'Round

"Have you ever noticed," said Ethel's father one night, "that a dog turns 'round and 'round before he lies down?"

"Yes, Daddy, I have, and will you tell me why?" asked little Ethel.

"The story is simple and here it is," said her father.

"Old Lady Fiddlesticks was sitting by the fire one night when she noticed her dog Catsup turning 'round and 'round before he lay down. She got up to see what was the matter. She could find nothing, for she had a comfortable pillow for him to sleep on. She thought the best thing would be to ask the Gentle Breeze why it was he seemed so restless before he lay down.

"So when the Gentle Breeze came the dear old lady asked her why it was the dog went 'round and 'round before he lay down to go to sleep.

"I know most everything about good dogs, but that is too much for me," she said. "Suppose we write a note to the wise old Owl. He knows everything."

"I must tell you something which you may not know. When you wish to know anything, you write your question on the leaf of a honeysuckle vine and put it in the fire at bed of night," said the Gentle Breeze.

"But I will not be here then," said the old lady.

"I intend to do it tonight, with a honeysuckle leaf and a porcupine's quill with some violet's blue for ink," said the Gentle Breeze. And she did so and very soon the old Owl came with his answer. Looking very wise he said:

"A very, very long time ago dogs lived in the long grass beside the Chicken Broth River. Every time the dogs wanted to lie down they turned 'round and 'round to make a nice soft bed. From that day to this a dog turns 'round and 'round before lying down and if you say, 'Chicken Broth River' to any dog he will smile at you and wag his tail in memory of the long ago."

"Thank you, said the Gentle Breeze. 'I shall tell Old Lady Fiddlesticks, and I know she will thank you.'"



A. CLIVITCH, South 9th Street